two plans. Room 10 had to strike at once, not later than April 29, and the Anarchists could not be ready before May 10. The men in Room 10 sent an ultimatum to the Anarchists: "We shall make a try on April 29. We have nothing to lose. A bullet is better than a noose. After us, you will have no chance. Better give us your stuff. Perhaps we will have enough to do the job."

I asked Pavel what I should do with the last package I had received for his friends. He answered indifferently, "Pass it on to Room 10. Perhaps it will help them."

The same day a Black Sea sailor, Leonid Ivanov, came to the ward. He was a short, powerfully built man with a coarse, tanned face and small blue eyes. I had met him in Room 12 before he was transferred to the criminal-politicals. "Pavel told you all," he said to me. "I am in Room 10 now. I do not care whether it is a bullet or a noose. Others do. We go tomorrow. You can pass your stuff to us by air telephone." Room 10 was just above us. Sometimes a package of tobacco could be sent from one room to another on a string, the air telephone, in full view of the guards. That evening a pouch with a protruding pack of cigarettes was lowered to the window of our ward and returned to Room 10 with a parcel of dynamite.

THE EXPLOSION

On April 29 I stood from early morning at the barred window looking at the courtyard. The prisoners were walking in two enclosures of barbed wire along the side walls between the prison building and the entrance office. Four guards were assigned to each walking party. Two guards were pacing the middle of the courtyard.

Shortly before noon the politicals of Room 12 appeared in the enclosure at the right. A quarter of an hour later prisoners of Room 10 appeared in the left enclosure carrying their straw sacks. This was nothing unusual; after the typhus demonstration, inmates had been permitted to air their beds and blankets. They shook their straw sacks and piled them up near the wall at the far end of the enclosure. Then they continued to walk at the other end while Leonid Ivanov, with a teakettle in his hands, stopped in front of the pile of sacks. He laid the kettle on it and stooped over it as if lighting a cigarette. Then he ran to the others.

In a second or two there was a thunderous explosion. The air was full of smoke, fire, burning straw. The strength of the explosion blew out windowpanes. Doors on the prison corridors were torn